



ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR
GRADUATE JUNE SEVENTH

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 Paul Almeda Donald Belisle
 Gail Bisceglia Lucille Banonis
 Patricia Champagne Janet Asselt
 Gail Cotton Susan Bailey
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The Acorn

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EDITORIAL

In a few short days the lists of Worcester State Teachers College will be diminished by one-hundred and twenty-four students. The ranks of the teaching profession will have been swelled by these young men and women, prepared and eager to take on the responsibilities of their new profession, a profession for which they have spent four years of study.

The ACORN, on behalf of the student body, wishes to express sincere good luck to each and every member of the graduating class. We wish to thank the seniors for their invaluable help which they have extended to all of the other classes on innumerable occasions, and for the fine example they have set for the rest of the student body.

May your experiences in teaching always be worthwhile and satisfying. Good luck to you all.

Student Advisory Council Report

The Student Council began its year with the distribution of the student handbook and identification cards to all the students. This system of admittance to college activities has been in vogue for four years.

During the next few meetings the discussions of the council were concerned with the approval of the budget. Club treasurers and members of the finance committee found themselves in a fiery debate over the budget. Many of the school organizations asked for an increase in their allotment, but because of a lack of funds the council could not allocate it to them. Next year the clubs will be faced with an even more acute problem, as the operating costs of the clubs are expected to be considerably higher. The recent defeat of the bill to increase the student activity fee has not helped the situation. Both times that this bill has been put to a student vote it has been defeated by sixteen votes.

Next year the council en-

courages all students to discuss the budget with their representatives so that they will have some indication of how the students feel about the allocating of the student activity funds.

The remaining part of the year found the council supervising club and class elections, selling stationary, and planning the annual All-College dance.

The present Student Council is entertaining a motion to change the constitution. The factors prompting this change are: Enlarged enrollment, Greater diversification of activities, and the conflicting schedules of members. Because of these factors the S. A. C. feels that the method of elections presently employed, that of floor nominations, is no longer feasible and recommends that some change be effected.

Assembly Revues

The Assembly Committee should be commended for their splendid work in presenting programs of interest to all. Particularly outstanding presentations included the appearance of Lt. Commander Larson from N.A.S. So. Weymouth. His phenomenal arrival and departure captured the attention of everyone at W.S.T.C. and all in the surrounding area. The account of his expedition and the slides shown captivated the interest of all in the audience.

And of course, who will ever forget the rollicking program on the day that the basketball team from Ecuador visited us?

On the professional side, Mr. John McGrail spoke to the juniors and seniors on the reasons and requirements for certification, answering many of the perplexing questions in their minds. Other programs listed promise to be equally entertaining and informative.

A Rendezvous with Chemistry

The other night ('twas half past ten)

I was reading my Chemistry over again.

As I raised the book to the level of my nose,

My lids slowly dropped and came to a close.

When I opened my eyes,

They met with surprise,

For there on the table, laughing with glee,

Two little atoms were looking at me.

One looked imposing, with wealth he could spare,

The other seemed poor, with nothing to share.

They sat and they giggled, and addressing me,

They spoke together in harmony.

They told me the history of their whole family life,

And of chemical subjects which were causing me strife.

They taught me all that I needed to know,

They made Chemistry seem a marvelous show.

Then suddenly they rose, waved good-bye,

And grasped hands as if ready to fly.

Like lightning a flash shot through the air,

And on the spot where they stood, only space was there.

They left forever, they never returned,

But I thank them for most of the facts I've learned.

CHARLOTTE RUBERTI

Just a Thought

Life is a complexity. I sometimes think that living should be easier to understand. Actually it is but a symbol of darkness. How can we, with our limited reasoning power fully define this mystery? Is the true meaning found in the warmth of a spring day, or in the sunlight itself? Perhaps it would be the feeling of contentment with a job well done. Can happiness really be bought or sold at the expense of someone else? Do we, as future teachers, feel our goal is attained when we receive our diploma? I feel that there is no definite answer to any of these questions. The nearest one can get to the piecing of this enigma is through love. For we are merely puppets on a stage, being guided and directed by someone pulling the strings. What will happen when the strings break? I think then the darkness will turn into a brighter light.

DOROTHY LEON.

Theme Songs

"Sometimes" — The smoker is opened.

"Turn Me Loose"—I don't want to go to assembly!

"The Things We Did Last Summer" ! ! !

"The Loveliest Night of the Year"—Sophomore-Senior Prom.

"Just One More Chance"—Senior Final Exams.

"Always You"—Final Exams.

"May The Good Lord Bless and Keep You"—Baccalaureate.

"Too Marvelous For Words" — Close of School!

Faulty Faults

Many years ago a poor scholar by the name of Alex Pope, speaking as the oracle of his age, stated that "what is, is right." By this statement, in its context, Alex was stating his belief that man should not question his position in the scale of life, should not question why he is not greater than the angels nor baser than the beasts in the fields. Man is, says Pope, what he is, and he should make the most of what he is.

I would not wish to argue the advisability of man's seeking that which of itself is beyond his reach, but certainly it is within man's province to find out where he does stand in the scheme of existence—if indeed there is such a thing as an intelligible "scheme" to existence. "What is, is right," but just what is what?

In the modern age of psychological questioning we cannot escape this search for knowledge of the self, and of man in general. We must find ourselves before we can hope to realize ourselves. We must know ourselves before we can be content with our lot. And to this end we have been struggling with dillusions, frustrations, and neurosis—all of which work one against the other so that finally we became disillusioned, frustrated, and neurotic—until we understand our needs, imperative and otherwise.

The first thing we must do, if we are to realize our place in life, is to find a purpose to life. But can we do this beyond saying that the real purpose of life is living? We poor humans are able to "understand" the living of life if not life itself. And since we should not question those things which are beyond our comprehension, then we must content ourselves with the simple and natural pleasures of our everyday life. Let us leave questions of ultimate good and evil. The origins of life, the divine plan, religion itself, to that "Unconscious Id" which precipitated the Unknown Plan. Let us content ourselves with seeking the satisfactions which are tangible, which we can feel and experience.

One of the basic tenets of the down-to-earth philosophy of Existentialism is that man is responsible only to himself. This is easily agreed upon when we consider thoughtfully the egoistical tendencies of all men. For no person has even done anything unless it were for the benefit of his selfish ego (and I do not say "selfish" disparagingly), no matter how well the ego satisfaction motive be disguised by high-sounding terms such as love, pity, self-sacrifice, courage, or a myriad of others. Take, for example, the "courageous" soldier who "gives

his life for his comrades." When stripped of the disguise of courage his motive stands naked to our eye. Is it not obvious that his motive (unconscious, perhaps) was that if he did not show courage his ego would have been deflated? Therefore he was courageous in order to satisfy his ego. Or again, take the philanthropist who gives huge sums of money to charity. Is it not evident that he does so that he may feel that he is a better person, thus satisfying his ego?

If we have established that we should not seek to know what is beyond our comprehension, and we agree that a knowledge of the ultimate good or evil is of this nature, then we must admit that man is responsible only to himself. For we cannot be held responsible to other men if our purpose is to satisfy ourselves. In like manner we are not responsible for the actions of any others.

After having folowed such a logical order of thought, it can be concluded that we must seek the fulfillment of our purpose in life by getting the most out of living that we can. Before we can do this we must realize that there is no "good" outside of the self. Then we must decide what is most beneficial to the ego. Invariably the normal individual finds the greatest satisfaction in the physical and emotional pleasures of the world. Whether these are found through religion, philosophy, money, or sex — the four great motivating forces in life — is of no consequence except in relation to the individual. How satisfaction is to be derived from these is up to each individual man.

Before leaving man to his devices, a word of caution is in order. For, in the course of life there are many stumbling blocks to the fulfillment of man's purpose. For the most part these proceeds from his physical, mental, and emotional inadequacies.

To conclude, let me remind you of the words of the prophet Isaiaes "Woe to you that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Woe to you that are wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own conceits."

Ode to a Universal Professor on a Universal Complaint made by Universal Students

Hail to thee, oh professor bright! Guardian of the psychological light, Shining in thy misty brain, We sing thy praises ever foggy.

Though thy lectures be quite laborious, We really don't find them too abhorious. We do assume you are sincere, But are you really mad, Prometheus?

Oh to wander through thy realms, Where thy logic overwhelms, And mutely crying in the fog We hail thy name ever glorious.

Great Lord God, frere de Freud, We hear you calling from a void. Stretch out thy great white clammy hand, And lead us to the Promised Land!

M. K. and J. S.

MISS LENA WEST WILL RETIRE ON JUNE 7

I entered the classroom and was greeted by Miss West with a cordial smile. Before our chat she displayed with affection some samples of work that her young student-teachers had just brought from their classes. "I was amazed at the brightness of these first graders," said Miss West. Then we got down to business.

Lena Amy West was born in Strafford, Vermont, a small town whose only claim to fame is that it was the birthplace of Senator Justin Smith Morrow, father of the land-grant colleges. I asked Miss West where she first started teaching. She told me that she began her career in a little one-room schoolhouse in Sharon, Vermont. This one-room combined students from kindergarten age to high school! She taught grade school in Randolph, Vermont, and then came to North Adams Normal School in Massachusetts. At North Adams she taught at the Mark Hopkins Training School.

Miss West received her B.S. at Teachers College, Columbia University, where she studied under Dr. Thorndike, and others, whose textbooks are widely used. She obtained her Master's Degree from the University of Vermont. In the fall of 1929, she came to W.S.T.C. to teach.

I asked Miss West to relate one of her most memorable moments.

It came, she said, when she was teaching fractions in a fifth grade class. A little boy raised his hand and informed Miss West, "I used to Hate fractions, but now I just Love 'em!" That tribute speaks for itself.

Concerning the difference between teaching when Miss West first began and teaching now, she informed me that "good teaching was good teaching then as now." New England schools, having been established first might be ahead of the rest of the country, but according to Miss West there are, "wonderful things in education, all over our country." She said that young people now have a challenge to face, that good teaching is needed as never before, but that she has confidence that we will meet the challenge. "I don't believe the world is going to the dogs," she said with a smile.

Her closing remarks were to the effect that if she had it to do all over again, she would still choose teaching as a profession.

Our profession will miss her.



Miss Lena West and Dr. Earl B. Shaw both will retire on June 7.

DR. EARL BENNETT SHAW RETIRES JUNE 7

All hearts at W.S.T.C. will be saddened on June 7, 1959, when Dr. Earl B. Shaw retires from the faculty after twenty-six years of teaching. For some of us the sadness experienced will be much greater, for we have been more closely associated with him. All of us who have known him, have come to respect and love him, both as a friend and teacher. His influence in shaping the lives of many students cannot be measured, for no one has yet invented a standard of measure that could do him justice.

On March 18, 1889, Dr. Shaw's long and fruitful life, both as a teacher and businessman began at Monroe, Iowa. From 1907 to 1923 Dr. Shaw owned and operated a profitable wholesale livestock and grain business. In 1923 he fell victim to pneumonia which left him in a weakened condition so he decided to return to his studies and complete his education. He received his Bachelor's Degree from Washington University in St. Louis in 1927. In 1929 he received his Master's Degree from Washington University and his Ph.D. from Clark University in 1933. He started his teaching career as a professor of Geography at Worcester State Teachers' College in 1933. He has taught at such schools as Columbia University, Ibrahim University, Cairo Egypt, Clark University, University of British Columbia, University of Pittsburgh, Shrivensham American University, England, Buffalo State Teachers' College, Smith College and the University of Puerto Rico, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Dr. Shaw has written over fifty geographic articles which have appeared in such professional magazines as "Economic Geography," "Geographical Review," "The Journal of Geography," etc.

Dr. Shaw is also the sole author of such books as "World Economic Geography" and "Anglo-American Regional Geography" and has collaborated on such books as "World Political Geography," "America at

War," "The American Empire," and "Outside Readings in Geography." He has also revised Ellsworth Huntington's "Principles of Human Geography."

Dr. Shaw has also traveled and done Geographic field work in every continent except Australia and Antarctica.

For his notable contributions, Dr. Shaw has received such honors as the Presidency of the National Council of Geography Teachers in 1949, the Associate Editorship of "Economic Geography" and the "Journal of Geography," and the Presidency of the Worcester Branch Foreign Policy Association from 1947 to 1952.

During our interview with Dr. Shaw he requested that we quote him as saying: "I've never worked with a more cooperative group of college students in all the places I have taught; and I am truly sorry that my active association with State Teachers' College students has come to an end. They are a fine bunch of boys and girls." The students at W.S.T.C. should well be proud of the high esteem in which they are held by Dr. Shaw. Dr. Shaw also informs us that he plans to teach at Columbia University this summer and will maintain his permanent residence in Worcester.

To Dr. Shaw we say a reluctant "good-bye" and wish him continued good health and success in his teaching.

N. W. L.

College Choir Concert

On May 14, 1959 at 8:30 the College Choir presented a concert. The selections they sang varied from religious to secular music. Some of the religious pieces were "Bless Thou the Lord," "Come Thou Holy Spirit, and "Lamb of God." Some of the secular pieces were "Done Caught a Rabbit," "Cindy," and two tunes from My Fair Lady, "I Could Have Danced All Night," and "On the Street Where You live."

The choir, directed by Thomas Carpenter, was well received by the audience, and will develop into a fine choral organization.

MAY RENEW CLAIMS

The State Department is considering a proposal to renew talks with Romania about American claims of property damage and losses.

The claims involve American property Romania allegedly damaged by the Romanian Government during World War II and property seized by the Government when it nationalized the country after the war.

DRIVE-INN

It has been brought to my attention that attendance at movie theatres has fallen from an average of ninety million per week ten years ago to about forty-six million now. I believe I fall into the category of the missing forty-four million, along with my pal, driven out of the movie theatre by the belting, shattering sound that passes for "background" music. I have the feeling that quite a number of the missing audience is staying away for the same reason.

What is taking the place of the movie theatres? Why, it's the Drive-Inn. Where else can you go and enjoy the uninterrupted privacy of your automobile. You and your sweetheart can converse all you want, smoke, crunch popcorn together, drink rootbeer and in general, completely relax. Now I'm sure that you have all, at one time or another, experienced the excitement of these conditions.

But you say that your honey wants to paint the town red, that's fine, give her the brush. On the other hand, if you figure she is worth more consideration, attempt to point out the benefits that may be derived from attending the Drive-Inn. You may try telling her that it's for "Mushroom people," and you can always tell her folks that your going to "Antsville." But if she still persists in attending those communication dens of inequity, better give up. Now "you're getting the beat." Me, I've got a chick who's thinks "it's real nervous," she don't care nothing for me but then you can always "pile up the Z's."

Definitions:

Mushroom people—people who come out at night to live it up.
Antsville—a place full of people.
You're getting the beat—you're beginning to understand.
It's real nervous—it's good.
Pile up the Z's—sleep, snore (real loud).

Dags.

A Beatnik Poem:

Ode To A Garbage Pail

Skin, you frothy receptacle,
Like man you come on real strong!
Bloated with the trash of
A thousand weary dreams,
Container of lies, deceit, and old
coffee grinds,
You stand there all crazy.

Like man, you are the most!
I really dig your abysmal walls,
Filled with the howl of yesterday's
cole slaw
And the lament of potato peelings,
I mean you are really endsville!

You get like the worst, man,
But you give out as good as you
get,
And at least you pay for your cool
life
When the garbage man comes to
collect.

But yet you stand there, crazy
stoic,
Filled to the brim with warmed-
over spaghetti,
And you live, live;
Like man that's the way it should
be,
I mean like I really weep for you,
Because some day the Big Bopper
will collect me, too!

M.E.K.
"The Mad One"

From Here, Where?

Contrary to public opinion, the beat generation is not really beat. This overpowering urge to go "odd" places, do "odd" things, in short to be "odd," is in my estimation an escape mechanism. Writing from a possibly biased point of view, it seems to me that this younger generation, our generation, feels insecure. They drink to excess, live for sex, flock to the bizarre and the odd, simply because they are searching. They are searching for a feeling of security denied them by the times in which they live. However, the blame cannot be laid entirely to this generation. After all, we did not start World War II, and Korea. We're not to blame for this cold war with Russia, yet it's being tossed to us like it was a red hot potato. I believe we fear that, although we had nothing to do with the beginning of these problems, we are going to have to solve them either by some astute political method, which we are not capable, or by sacrificing our lives, which most of us are not ready to do.

The political instability is not the only cause. The high divorce rate, family conflicts, and the like have given us the attitude "If this is conventionality, I don't want any part of it." This is why the present fad of having "affairs" is so appealing to us. If friction develops between the two parties, you simply break up before it gets "too hot to handle" and find someone else. Mind, I'm not condoning these practices, just trying to explain why they happen. And if you become really frustrated there is always that ever-faithful girl-friend in the dark bottle who can do so much to improve your outlook on things, even if it is only temporary.

Former generations were not so "wild" mainly because they did not have these pressures upon them. They did not worry about

missile races, international "hot spots," the possibility of total (self) destruction. Nor about the possibilities of war, you either had it or you didn't.

Don't base your judgments upon my suppositions alone. Look to history. What happened after the Great War, the "War to end all war"? You had the period known as the "Roaring Twenties" during which "Babes, Booze and Bullets" predominated over everything. Although we aren't as free with our bullets as they were, we almost make up for it in the other two fields.

But let us revert to my original premise. I say the younger generation is insecure. More than that they are afraid. This world, as it looks now, has two possible outcomes. Either it will end in a peaceful "paradise," or on the other extreme, in utter chaos. That gives us odds of fifty-fifty and to put it plainly, we don't like them.

And so we drink. We are trying to avoid our up-coming responsibilities by resisting conventionality. We are trying to avoid making decisions on which our fates and the fate of future generations may well depend by trying to prove to ourselves that we are not capable of making these decisions.

And stil we search, search for some thing or someone who will help us find ourselves. Conventionality does not seem to be the answer so we have turned to the other extreme, non-conformity. This also may not be the answer, yet satisfying to our senses and emotions helps us avoid the responsibilities we all know we must sooner or later face. So we developed the attitude of "Oh well, what the hell. Live for today, tomorrow we may blow ourselves all over the place." Yet this can't be the answer and I feel that deep inside we all know it.

CONFESSION

We at W.S.T.C. are prone to complain whenever a comparison is made between our college and any other. You all know the complaints—they are so traditional now they have become cliché, and there is no reason to list them here. (Besides, this is a “family” newspaper!) You can think of a thousand things wrong with this school without half trying; everyone has done so, and expressed themselves in the privacy of the smoker, no doubt. But this may come as a pleasant surprise to you—there are a few things right about this school! Maybe you just never stopped to consider that. Maybe you have never experienced another larger and more “liberal” college except by hear-say.

Let it be made clear I am not paid to rave about this place, and it is not my intent to justify the ways of God to man—whoops, that's the Lit. major coming out in me again—I mean, to justify this college to the students. I have my own ideas of what is wrong with this college, but to be fair, I also have a few ideas of what is right about it!

For one thing, this college is small. That's good, you say? But did you ever try to get recognition in a class where fifty other kids are shooting their mouths off because they know as long as they talk, no matter what they say, the teacher will be able to distinguish their faces from all the rest? If you want to join the herd and shoot off your mouth, too, you stand a better chance of getting a good mark. That's what it amounts to. Meanwhile the idealist Mr. Milquetoast sits in the back of the class and vainly awaits the recognition that his intellect deserves.

In a small college such as ours there is a greater rapport between the students and the teachers. Because the teachers have a chance to become acquainted with their students they know you as an individual, and they are interested in you as an individual. To certain students that alone is worth more than all the anonymous, droning lectures delivered at the big-name universities where one is merely a speck in a sea of faces.

Another good thing about W.S.T.C. is found in the student body itself. There is a lack of

that particular brand of snobishness which invades colleges presided over by fraternities and sororities. There is a certain informality among the students that is pleasant for a stranger to behold. One may say there is a spirit of camaraderie that is reminiscent of the Student Prince. (Now that I think of it, it wouldn't be too inappropriate for us to adopt the famous “Drinking Song” as our college hymn! Consider it seriously, and we'll refer it to the student body for vote the day after finals.)

Among the students I have also noticed a certain freedom from conformity, where individuals really dare to be themselves. (At least I have noticed it in my particular section, that great group of revolutionists, lovers, and Walden Literary Society members.) If you think that's the case in other colleges I advise you to attend one and try to escape being a fraternity member without becoming a professional bohemian. One really appreciates nonconformity when one has been incessantly exposed to “the golden herd” as a harried Freshman, troubled enough by the new experience of college without bearing the stigma of being an “independent.”

So you see, boys and girls, there are some things about this institution to be thankful for. We do hold a great distinction, when all's said and done—weren't we the first college in the country to have a **blue** coke machine?

M. E. K.

Progressive or What?

In those famous “good old days,” children were treated as children; that is they were praised for a job well done and punished for throwing mud on Susie's new dress. However we are in an age now where the reins have been slackened. This is the “Progressive Age,” and the “kids” go to progressive schools. For those of you who don't know what a progressive school is, just think of a place where every one is allowed to do just what his little heart desires.

Some parents believe that it is “emotionally healthy” for children to express themselves but, it may not be so healthy for the parents. Take the case of Mrs. Jackson for example. Her little boy Johnny is four years old and she thought it was advisable for him to take a nap after lunch. Evidently Johnny didn't think so because he picked up a glass and threw it at his mother screaming, “I hate you. You're a mean Mommy.” She disregarded the remark and said calmly, “All right dear, no nap. Go watch T.V.” Mrs. Jackson thinks it is wonderful that Johnny feels free to say and do whatever is on his little mind.

Now, just try and imagine what Johnny is going to be like when he grows up. If he isn't taught respect for his parents now, he'll

never have respect for any authority. Children need strict supervision along with love and understanding at an early age, because it is then that their characters are being formed. Very rarely does a child turn out to be anything other than what he has learned in his early youth. Of course parents must not go to the other extreme and criticize their children for minor things. The extreme of anything isn't good but I think the middle of the extremes might be a good road. Anyhow it's worth a try.

Many of us are parents, or would-be-parents, and I think we ought to give child rearing a serious thought. Our own parents' example would be the best one to follow instead of all these new fangled ideas written by a bunch of “crack pots” who probably never raised a child in their lives. Most children need someone to guide them and show them what to do. Very few, if any, are capable of making their own decisions until they've reached a ripe old age. I think a child has much more love and respect for a parent who is strict than one who lets him get away with “murder.” Remember: “A pat on the back develops character if administered often enough, hard enough and low enough.”

Hey Ma, do light blue stripes go with gray tweed? Does anybody ever wear a full dress tie to the movies?

So girls, think that men don't have a tough time dressing for dates, eh?

First of all a man must select the proper after-shave lotion. He certainly can't smell the same on every date or she is bound to think that he is still using his father's lotion.

Then our subject must pick a MAN'S deodorant — this too must be beyond reproach.

Next the proper attire must be sketched, very vaguely, in his mind. Should it be a suit, sports clothes, or nothing in particular just as long as he's covered?

From here let's step into the mind of our hero and see what's going on in there.

Blue pants and gray jacket? . . . Nope. Wore that the last time I went out with her. Gray suit? . . . No. Spilled mustard on it a week and a half ago . . . Got to get it cleaned . . . Dark blue suit? . . . Strictly for funerals . . . Plaid jacket? . . . It would be alright if we were going to the movie or someplace where it would be dark . . . Why does my mother have such bad taste? . . . Brown stripes . . . That's it!! Now for a tie . . . None of these. I'll check Dad's . . . I don't know how he ever gets away with it!! I'll phone Jack, he has thousands of ties . . . (Half hour goes by while he tells Jack about the Army-Navy game) . . . I'm late, but at least I've got a tie that matches . . . Gas tank is full . . . Topcoat, keys, handkerchief, wallet, and I'm off.

VERNON H. SUFFIELD.

LAUGHTER

Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and you cry alone!

Do you have troubles, son; are you suffering from excess pressure on your limited brain power; do you feel the halls of ivy closing in like a cage and your professors chasing you down a long, cold corridor? . . . then run, you're really sick!

But—if you're merely weak and feeble from overwork, and frustrated to the point of collapse by approaching exams (and who isn't?) keep in mind—summer's coming! The old escape route is just around the corner. But until then, to stay safe and sane, just keep laughing. Once you stop—you're finished; you're dead.

Laughter has been the panacea for most minor aches and pains, ups and downs, since Adam caught spring fever. And what's that—nothing but laughing gas, the best cure for what ails you. What's the sense of dwelling in a dark, gloomy state of mind? Moods don't help anyone, least of all you. Where's the joy of seeing clouds without sunshine or the rain without a rainbow? Laughter is the sunshine and the rainbow; without it, we miss so much of the fun in living. Life, despite its occasional bumps and bruises, can be fun—it's your job to make it so—it's your life.

Of course, tears are necessary and a serious outlook essential, but the best recipe for happiness is to sprinkle them all with a charitable sense of humor. Enjoy your fun—if you can laugh at yourself, others will be laughing with you, not at you.

M. E. S.

DEAR WILLIE

DEAR WILLIE:

I'm a senior, 22, with a problem that has caused me much embarrassment and heartache. I've been engaged to a sweet girl for almost two years now and we would like to get married after I graduate. Whenever she starts talking about setting the date I break out with large red lumps and the itching drives me crazy. When I was attending the Marine Officers Training Course last summer, I had these same lumps. The Marine doctor told me they would go away, and they did. My girl friend says we should get married anyway, but I'm afraid this might make the lumps worse instead of better. I read your column every issue and will be looking for your advice on this situation.

LUMPY SENIOR

DEAR LUMPY: I'm no physician, but it certainly sounds like psychogenic urticaria (skin trouble resulting from an emotional disturbance.) Urticaria is a fancy name for nature's warning that you're not getting the emotional release you need. Suitable therapy should be supplied by your girl—or someone else if necessary. You can always get married, but that's obviously not what you're really itching for.

DEAR WILLIE:

There is a shy boy who is in the Freshmen Reading Course here at school. Every week after class, he rides downtown on the same bus with me. On several occasions, I have invited him to have a Coke with me at the Normandy. I think he likes me and I know I like him. He has good

manners and is nice looking. He acts lonesome, but I don't want him to think I'm running after him. How can I get to know him better?

LONESOME

DEAR LONESOME: The boy's a remedial reader—not a mind reader! The best way to deal with this slow starter is to offer him something more solid than Coke. Whatever you do, though, don't expose him to your friends, which would give him a chance to case your competition. To insure a near-perfect setup for fun and games, plus the maximum amount of privacy, I suggest you invite him to “Walden Pond” after you get out of class.

DEAR WILLIE:

I'm a Junior Secondary who is preparing to go out practice teaching this September. This is an experience I am anxiously looking forward to; however, I am becoming concerned over the fact that I will be teaching in a school that has enrolled in it many of the girls I had formerly dated. Do you think this will present a discipline problem if I happen to have any of them in my classes? FORMER CRADLE ROBBER

DEAR CRADLE ROBBER: Take it from one who knows; the only discipline problem you are going to have is yourself. Remember these girls will be competing to please you as much as they can. Needless to say, this will put you in a pleasingly delicate situation which could lead into all kinds of complications. The only solution to this problem is a policy of *laissez-faire* on your part.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Recently I was talking to a boy who had come to this country from South America, and has been in this country for two years. He had won a scholarship to study in this country and I knew him to be an exceptional student. I also knew that he had remarkable powers of concentration and very unique study habits. He was able to utilize his time so well that he could do his work in almost half the time that it took the average student. I certainly envied him for his ability to concentrate so well. I realized that he must have had an excellent training when he was very young.

He proceeded to tell me about the educational system in South America. In grammar school the children are introduced to the classics, both in art and in literature. They begin an advanced study of mathematics and they begin one or two foreign languages. The children must learn all the countries of the world, their capitals, the chief rivers and tributaries of these rivers, the chief mountains, the chief imports and exports and the natural resources. This seems to be a great deal of work for grammar school children but they must complete these courses and pass an examination in order to enter high school. The competition is quite extreme. This is true also of the educational system in Europe. In order to obtain the Bachelor of Arts degree in France, one must take an examination in two parts. The first part is oral and written and the second part is taken a year later. These exams are given by the government, therefore all candidates must meet the same standard rather than meet the requirements of individual schools.

This seemed like the ideal educational system until I realized that the competition is extreme and therefore fewer people have the opportunity to be educated. In other words those who are “the cream of the crop” are able to

take advantage of these opportunities. Only the best students are able to advance to higher education. In America there are more opportunities in more fields. Because of the steady increase of those entering college and receiving an education, our country is becoming that much stronger, healthier and happier. Students must also have time for extra-curricular activities which helps to develop them socially and spiritually; this, the American Educational System allows. It also gives students the chance to think on their own and to utilize what they have learned. Also, because of the numerous and various opportunities, everyone has the chance to better himself in the way that he chooses.

On the other hand, we are still a young country with an educational system which is equally as young. We must respect our elders and profit by the fine examples they have given us. For centuries they have given to the world great literature, philosophy, art, scientific developments, etc. We cannot help but admire some of the fine people which their systems have produced in our present age, also. It seems that each of these systems can benefit by the examples set by the others.

PATRICIA O'GRADY.

Cool Sounds At W. S. T. C.

By Joe Liquornik

At approximately 1100 hrs., May 7, 1959, I was sitting waiting for a class to begin. I was having a wonderful daydream of my three glorious years aboard the USS Sardine, Uncle Sam's first and only rubberband powered submarine.

Then it came, blah—blah—blah. Immediately, dive—dive—dive, flashed through my head.

Where is my battle helmet? Where is my life vest?

Oh the heck with them, if my time has come to die for my country, battle gear will be of little use.

Blah—blah—blah, there it is again.

Dive—dive—dive.

The Skipper must have pressed the panic button without notifying the crew. This must be it. Were we being attacked by the natives of Transylvania or was it the underwater marauders from Atlantis?

I must get to my battle station, I must be ready.

I rushed out of the hatch and to the ladder (stairs to all you land lubbers). At once I was met by a wave of hurrying crewmen, all trying to get down the ladder at the same time.

What is this? A sub has only 70 men. There, before my eyes, were over 200 trying to get below.

Oh well, it must be some new boots aboard for the first time.

Wait a minute. Did I spy a figure of a female?

Can't be.

There goes another one.

What's the Navy coming to? Women on a sub. This canoe

club is getting better all the time. I might ship over yet.

I must be dreaming. No, I can't be.

Blah—blah—blah, dive—dive—dive.

To my battle station.

Will this endless wave of conscientious boots ever stop?

There it is, the hatch to my battle station. It's the rubberband room. I have to replace all damaged rubberbands, so our ship can go on fighting.

As I enter I am hit in the face with a blast of warm smoky, air.

This is it. We are hit. Smoke is belowing out of the aft compartment.

Then it happens, I trip.

Was it over a fallen comrade? Was it over that stupid dog wrench I forgot to put away yesterday? I don't know.

I bump my head. Slowly I slip into the deep, black, unknown. I am unaware what is going on around me. Thick clouds envelop my mind, I know nothing.

When the clouds break up and my head is clear, I look around.

Where am I? What's happened? Oh yes, the attack.

I see my fallen comrade — a trash can, the crewmen—my classmates, the smoke filled compartment—the smoker

Back in my class room, I am very perturbed.

What was that ominous blah—blah—blah? I know I heard it.

Am I losing my marbles? I must remember to take the Rorschach test. After all I would like to know my mental status.

After much deliberation and deep concentration, I deduce that the strange, cool, new sound must be the new fire alarm.

Procrastination, the Thief of Time

A universal problem which man seemingly cannot escape is procrastination. Yes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." One might justly inquire as to what is procrastination. Well, procrastination simply means to postpone until a future date. This may seem a common and natural aspect of man but the question may be asked if this is a good natural thing.

One experience which all students have in common is that experience of procrastinating. Let us examine a common example of a student procrastination. A student is assigned to write a term paper and a deadline date is set. The student says that he will "put off the term paper until tomorrow." But peculiarly enough tomorrow never comes until the night before the term paper is due. During that one evening the student figuratively "goes crazy" because of the pressure of time. The student devotes the entire "wee hours of the early morning" preparing his term paper. During the course of that "terrible dark night" the student, in order to remain mentally alert, drinks several cups of coffee and smokes dozens of cigarettes. As the sun rises in the east the student is just putting the finishing touches on his term paper. After this is done the student sits back and sighs with great relief for he now knows that he has "met the deadline date" and his term paper will be presented to his instructor during that day.

Yes, the student did meet the deadline date but the question may be asked if his term paper is an example of his best efforts. As the teacher examines and evaluates the paper he discovers several typographical errors, poor spelling, poorly constructed sentences and paragraphs, poor transitional paragraphs and so forth and so on. In other words, the term paper shows evidence of haste and waste. Naturally the teacher is justified in grading the paper accordingly.

"Was it worth it!" After all that sweat, time, and physical strain the student received a very poor grade. In fact, he can consider himself lucky that he did not flunk. In this case procrastination was truly the "thief" of time because it actually stole his good health and good grade. All students, including myself, are guilty in one way or another of procrastinating. The "term paper case" was simply an example and any "resemblance of anyone living or dead is purely coincidental." However, this case was sighted purely to illustrate the seriousness of procrastination. Students should be made aware of the fact that time waits for no man and "time lost is never found again."

The moral of the "term paper case" is as plain as the nose on your face. Students should properly budget their valuable time. "Plan your work and work your plan" is in essence the key to the universal problem of procrastination. As in the sighted case, if the student had properly arranged a plan whereby he periodically worked on his term paper he would have never been in the "revolting development" which he experienced. He would have had a well written paper deserving a good grade. His best efforts would yield his best grade.

Thus, do not serve "old man procrastination" because the results will be disastrous but rather be aware of his presence and be prepared to avoid him.

"Never leave that till tomorrow Which you can do today."

Richard Phelps.

telligence reports, the agriculture situation presents little improvement in the past two hundred years, wages fail to compensate for prices which put many everyday goods beyond the grasp of the "little fellow," and the general living condition little improved in the past century.

If we maintain our present standard of living and keep our shoulder to the wheel, as Vice-President Nixon urges, there is no reason why we need fear being outstripped economically by our Communist adversaries.

West Germany has illustrated the results of a flourishing, hard-working, free society, while, in contrast, East Germany has given the world a concise example of nothingness under communist rule.

With this in mind, it is doubtful that Russia can oust the United States from world economic leadership.

BRIAN SULLIVAN.

A Spirit of Nationalism

Nationalism, as defined by Webster, is a devotion to, or advocacy of, national interests or national unity and independence. Perhaps because of the present and intense need for this national spirit, or possibly because of an extreme fear of the lack of it, nationalism has become the war-cry and by-line of 1959. Now the subject of many powerful and thoughtful debates at the nation's capitol and the topic of several reflective, but opinionated newspaper editorials, it has even found a consideration in the highly imaginative world affairs classes at W.S.T.C. Basing their opinions on the above and proper definition, these busy little historians proceeded to indulge in some serious word-play and ultimately produce a concrete conception of this national principle. The results — quite a conglomeration, but certainly an unlimited and unique mixture of ideas and a "bird's-eye" view into the working apparatus of the typical college freshman. Don't let it scare you — freshmen can and do think on special occasions.

"Nationalism is:

1. a search for security.
2. based on the ownership of land.
3. pride in one's country.
4. devotion to a leader.
5. self-preservation.
6. preservation of opportunities.
7. the maintenance of freedom, to a degree.
8. the result of fear.
9. the result of some cause, good or evil.

10. different in various countries;
- a. in America, a spirit of peace
- b. in underdeveloped countries, a spirit of achievement."

These are only a few of the opinions debated, but the class, while not reaching any singular conclusion, did touch on one significant fact:

Nationalism, the spirit of the state, must be the spirit of the people. It is based primarily on the individual and then, equally as well, on the family and in the school. It is the backbone of a country in war or peace; the spirit of an individual to preserve and defend his homeland, the lifehood or spark that enlivens a nation. Before such real unselfishness will develop in us to include our nation, of necessity it should be cultivated in our personal lives—at home or in school.

Stop and reflect on this point a moment! How well do you display this spirit at home; how deeply do you feel and express this good will towards your school? What do they really mean in the final analysis of your life? Answer these honestly, and you will realize how deeply you are an American, for this spirit of nationalism must be born and fostered in our daily mode of living and learning. Nationalism is truly a national sentiment. For us, it is pure and sincere Americanism, but while entirely universal, it must be equally personal.

Maryanne E. Shea.

RUSSIA DECLARES ECONOMIC WAR

Not long ago, Russian dictator, Khrushchev, delivering one of his patented blasts at the United States, challenged America and the Western world to an economic war, predicting that the outcome would be catastrophic from our point of view.

Vice-President Nixon, in a speech delivered during his successful trip to England, accepted the haughty challenge of comrade Nikita.

It is conceivable that the heir-apparent to the presidency, in accepting the Communist Premier's bid for economic warfare, had in mind the contrast of living conditions between our ally, West Germany, and the Communist puppet-state, East Germany, for this is indeed a prime example of a flourishing free society versus a stagnant captive state.

In the past ten years more than three million people have fled Communist East Germany to seek refuge in the free western sector and the rate continues at four thousand every week.

There is good reason for this mass movement of people who desire God-given liberties instead of man-sponsored suppression. The initial reason, naturally, is the subjugation in which the East Germans live. The economic motive

lies in free Germany's industrial growth since the destruction of Nazism.

West-Germany has risen, through American aid, to become a great industrial power in Europe. The potency of its steel industry challenges that of Great Britain and the people enjoy the benefits of a free and thriving society. In contrast, the people of East Germany have little or no purpose for which to work. They are, as in all communist states, mere cogs in the machine which produces for the state and not the individual.

West Germany has restored its shattered cities to thriving communities while economic and social recovery is all but non-existent in the Soviet-controlled sector.

Free enterprise has accounted for the tremendous growth and recovery of West Germany while communism has rendered hopeless the improvement of the people of East Germany.

On a grander scale we can compare the living conditions in the United States with those in the Soviet Union and find our economy substantially healthy, our wages higher than any other time in history, and the lot of the "common man" far better than any other nation's in the world, while in Russia, according to U. S. In-

Everything in women — the structure of her body, her qualities of intuition and beauty (?), her capacity for love and sacrifice and (in)dependence — indicates that this ideal finds a kind of natural simplicity with grace. It has been said that by her attitude of receptivity women represents the () vocation of humanity—a humanity that is open to gifts. Certainly it is in this sense that women's 'role' becomes clear. She can make her greatest contribution to the building of society by bearing witness to the necessity of re-birth through submission. It will be thus that she will teach man; it will be thus that she will draw all the exterior activities of society into harmony with the ends that ought always be served. It is women's role to lead us on.

I'no.

Student Advisory Council Officers

The officers for the school year 1959-1960 are as follows:

President Joan Bruazis
 Vice-President John MacWade
 Secretary Carolyn Bohmann
 Auditor John Hastings
 Faculty Advisor Mr. John Eager

EXPURGATED Is Not a Four Letter Word

Though many convince themselves of their enlightenment and edification, there still exists a hypocritical attitude toward what constitutes decency in literature. Indeed, many do not declare themselves in this argument but if pressed will take the "safe" side of the controversy. They pretend a righteous indignation and disgust at "pornographic" literature; that is, until they are relieved to hear that by virtue of court ruling the book in question is no longer obscene and they may show it on their bookshelf to the world and discuss with the aplomb of the indifferent critic its relative merits (it is probably a classic, by now, or at least a "work of literary craftsmanship and art").

This prudery masking as decency is making news again in the recent controversy over the appearance of the unexpurgated edition of **Lady Chatterley's Lover**; and, incidentally, the publicity has helped put the novel on the best seller list.

Sex apparently is still a dirty word, and a defense of sex in literature will still draw from some people stares of silent execration, as though they had just been invited to espouse a Crusade for Advancement and Perpetuation of Lechery. And then there are those vile persons who are really in a state of delayed puberty who show their "enlightenment" (whatever that may be) by chortling obscenely at the very mention of a "questionable" book. They not only approve eagerly of it, but also can not wait to get their hot little hands on it to devour the sex-sections while in a haze as to what the rest of the book is about. I leave the matter of which of these two is the more abominable entirely up to you.

At any rate the question of when is literature pornographic still remains. A partial answer may lie in two places—with the author and with the reader. I cannot believe that any author of recognized literary merit deliberately sets out to create a purposely pronographic work. That is, what he may have to say about sex is not exploited for its own sake. Rather this area of human experience is presented as it applies to what the author is trying to say in the novel as a whole. But the objection immediately arises that it is not sex in general terms that is being questioned but sex in too realistic detail, sex which violates all feelings of delicacy. But can an author be too realistic? And what is "delicacy"? Or is the problem one which should be concerned mainly with the author's attitude toward his subject and toward the reader and with the values he is laying bare for consideration? I

doubt that an author tires to make sexual perverts or lechers out of his readers. I do think that a novel should be evaluated in the light of the author's purpose, of his faithfulness to life, of his literary craftsmanship, and of that spark of inspiration and genius which separate creative art from hack writing.

The second place wherein may lie some further light on this matter is with the reader. This is because most people read with some purpose in mind or else with some special interest. They may want to read to help solve some problem or to see how a certain character reacts with whom they can identify or for any number of reasons among which may be a curiosity about sex. Here is where the attitude of the reader plays an important part, because, I think, just as beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder, so can obscenity or vulgarity lie in the eyes of the reader. That is, something like **Lady Chatterley's Lover** is perverse or obscene only if you, the reader, think it is. Think of what used to be considered objectionable in literature. Does it not seem pretty tame now in view of our changing attitudes toward sex? But even today there still remains in society a Victorian attitude of shame and disgust, which carries over to sex in literature. I am sure that fifty years from now, if **Lady Chatterley's Lover** is still around, and I doubt that it will be, people will wonder what all the fuss was about.

Lastly there is the objection that such literature is morally corrupting to youth. This is far-fetched, I think. It is the values which youth adhere to which determine their moral character of which their attitude toward sex is only a part. Blaming sex in literature is merely dragging a red herring into the real issue which is the problem of values in a competitive society.

D. N.

To Whom It May Concern

Continued from Page 1

wants to read about school functions such as dances, proms, the teas, club events, elections and the like. Since our student body has grown to such proportions as it is today, it is almost impossible for a few people to keep up with all the news in each class. With this in mind, perhaps you can appreciate Mr. Manning's position. He is to be complimented, not scorned for the work he has done with the little cooperation that he has had.

His responsibility as editor should be only to write the editorial and select the material to

be included in the paper. With the combined efforts of the staff and the cooperation of the students, we would be able to produce a paper equal to those of other schools with news of interest for all. It is a mistaken idea that you have to be a member of the staff to submit material. Any and all articles will be welcomed and appreciated.

To those few students who have worked wholeheartedly in trying to make the "Acorn" a successful paper, I should like to apologize for "sounding off." To the others who have had nothing to offer but vicious denunciations, I hope that this article will anger you enough to spur you to action.

E. C.



Noel Zinkievich Elected Pres. of Kappa Delta Pi

On May 1, the members of Kappa Delta Pi, Worcester State Teachers College honor society, elected as their president for the school year 1959-1960 Noel Zinkievich. Mr. Zinkievich is a member of the Junior Secondary class.

A native of Worcester, Noel graduated from South High School with the class of 1955. Here at State Teachers College he has shown high standards of scholastic achievement and has exhibited fine qualities of leadership.

A history major, Noel expects to do his teaching at Auburn High School. After graduation in 1960, Noel intends to continue to teach in high schools in the Worcester area while studying for his master's in History at Clark University.

Prom Queen



Helen Fitzgerald was elected Queen of the sophomore-senior prom.

W. O. M. B. C. C.

About the beginning of May every year the following symptoms make their appearance, with a greater or lesser degree of violence. A sensation of heat and a chuck-full up to 'here' attitude develops concerning classes and in general innoculative style education. This state gradually increases, until the sensation becomes converted into what may be characterized as a combination of 'gulp' and 'O' Rourke! In this state the eyes take on a far away look, (no reflection to those who are nearsighted), but violent reaction is only experienced on Friday afternoons (maybe early eve-

A FORWARD GLANCE

TIME: November, 1965

PLACE: Men's Faculty Room, Worcester State Teachers College

The room is small, and in the center is a table. Around the table are a few chairs, and along the wall are benches, boxes of books, and more chairs. In the room there are two men, their images are barely visible because the windows are clouded with a smoke film, and the only light in the room has been broken for six years. In the background can be heard a continual and droning, "Mr. Sarwin, please call the office." Mr. Lenap, one of the men, is a history instructor. He is lying prone on one of the benches. Mr. Palen, the other man, is slouched in one of the chairs with his feet resting on another.

Lenap: I've got four panels scheduled for today, how about you?

Palen: Only got two, but I split up the class three ways. Makes it harder.

Lenap: Got to keep 'em working, give 'em a day off and they forget how to use the opaque.

Palen: Had an original one the other day.

Lenap: I didn't know there were any new ways.

Palen: Oh Ya! They had the whole class take off their shoes and lie on their stomachs on the floor. Each person on the panel had a report written, and one member of the panel read them. As he read, the other members of the panel would touch the feet of the kids in the class. When your feet were touched, you had to repeat the last entire sentence that was read. Sort of a game.

Lenap: Vital experience.

Palen: It was. We had reaction formation, review, and a new learning experience all going on at once. It was vital.

Lenap: Did I tell you about the big one I had a couple of weeks ago?

Palen: Was that the one where you took the trip to Walden Pond?

Lenap: No, No. It lasted three days.

Palen: The trip to Walden?

Lenap: No, the panel lasted

three days. We took off a few hours for sleep, but it was so vital no one could sleep.

Palen: I know the experience well.

Lenap: Well, this is what happened. The panel had so much to cover, they had to show the films, filmstrip, and pictures with the opaque all at the same time.

Palen: We only have two screens in the school.

Lenap: They only used one. Stimulating visual effects.

Palen: I can imagine.

Lenap: It was stimulating.

Palen: What was the panel?

Lenap: The history of the World.

Palen: Good subject. What made you think of that?

Lenap: Oh! It was easy. Just thought of the broadest subject I could.

Palen: Must have been grand.

Lenap: It was. Three died of exhaustion, nine died of boredom.

Palen: That about the record isn't it?

Lenap: Yes it is. But I think I can better it.

Palen: How?

Lenap: Well, the next panel, starts tomorrow by the way. The next panel is a musical version of the last one. Scheduled to last two weeks.

Palen: Good show!

Acorn Banquet

Continued from Page 1

Scholastic Press Association, together with certificates for service to the **Acorn** were awarded to Stan Nelson, Marilyn Kemp, Patricia O'Grady, and Estelle Connor. Certificates of merit were awarded to Joseph Cooney and Joan Bennet.

Members of the faculty attending the banquet were Dr. Carlton Saunders and his wife, Mr. Robert Todd and his wife, Miss Vera Dowden, Miss Mary Cosgrove, and Mr. Vincent DeBenedictus.

The theme of the talks given by the staff officers and the faculty

advisor, Dr. Saunders, revolved around the criticism which has been levied by students and faculty upon the paper. It was pointed out that a lack of rapport, and consequently cooperation, between classes was the chief grounds for criticism. To alleviate this situation in future years it was stated that each class would have to assume responsibility for its own class news. It was resolved that a special effort would be made to make the last issue of this school year the best issue ever.

Following the banquet, a social gathering was held at the Shisk-kabob in Shrewsbury, to conclude a highly enjoyable and interesting evening.

ning as well, O.K.!, all night) and never last for more than two days afterward, so far. Of course as the temperature rises their frequency or duration becomes increasingly more uncertain.

After this state of the eyes has subsided for an hour or two, a general fullness is experienced in the head, or is that a little high, this fullness brings on fits of extreme violence, coming on at uncertain intervals. To this fullness is added a further sensation of lightness in the stomach, difficulty in breathing (its 'hot') and emotional exhibitionism uninhibited. There is no absolute pain in any part of the body, but a feeling of want of room to receive the air necessary for the next dive down. Added to these symptoms is an incapacity to speak without

inconvenience, like two people drinking from the same 'mug.'

Now, having aroused your initial interest, the 'Trying to be Beatniks' invite you to an afternoon etc. of anti-intellectualism which is a change from the intellectualism we are being faced with. Of course for those who can not make it or do not want to, you can always go to 'Jakes' to eliminate your problems.

How do you get in touch with us? You don't, but we are watching you. So if you have the feeling that someone is staring at you and their eyes seem to be penetrating through your purely physical being, you are being considered for membership in the **World Out of Mind Beatnik Coffee Club**.

Dags.

LIBRARY MATERIALS DUE

Miss Helen Smith, school librarian, has made the request that all materials which have been taken from the library be returned promptly. Miss Smith has a long list of overdue books, magazines, and pamphlets. All students who have any library materials should return them at once, in order to insure the efficient running of the school library.

In recent years increasingly large numbers of books etc. have not been returned until the following school year, or not at all. This situation need not, and should not, exist. The cooperation of all the students will be greatly appreciated.



A Stimulating Conversationlist— or "It Could Be You"

One meets many types of people at social gatherings—the bored, the bores, the party girl or guy, the bashful—the list is endless. However, nothing quite compares with the type to be discussed here. This individual does not fit into any of the above mentioned categories. To use a cliché, she is "in a class by herself." She is generally extremely attractive. After all, Mother Nature has to provide some compensation.

When you meet her, and all of you will at some time or another, you will recognize her immediately. You can cast aside all conventionality and say the first thing that comes into your head, certain that it will cause an immediate burst of enthusiasm—subconscious as it may be. Her real attention is inevitably on something or someone else — perhaps on another guest's dress, her own reflection, the conversation at the next table —on anything but you and the conversation at hand.

You are introduced to her as "Miss — (you never hear the last name!) and she in turn is "charmed" or "delighted" and bestows a ravishing smile on you, making you think that the party might be fun. You have not as yet detected her true nature. It's not too long, however, before her first remark labels her. To be sure of your supposition—being a fair individual, you'll naturally give her the benefit of the doubt—you say: "I've lived in this city for five years."

"Oh, how wonderful! For how many years?"

Scrutinizing the gown of a guest who has just arrived and being quite certain that she is making a mental evaluation of it, you say: "It'll be 75 years in August."

This might seem to be a normal, sane reply were you not obviously in your early twenties. To return to your guest, she replies, "Oh, how lovely!" Her blank eyes are staring you in the face all the while.

"Just the right time to get to know everyone."

"Yes, but tiring."

Her eyes have wandered to another party, but the voice says: "Oh, what a pi-i-ity!"

"Yes, isn't it, but I'm quite healthy." You decide to play the game.

"Healthy; how nice. It's perfectly marvelous to be healthy. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly the country. I live in Elm Park, under the trees."

"Oh, how simply idyllic!"

"Yes, I have all the advantages of the city and the atmosphere of the country. I bathe in the pond

everyday when the weather is cold enough."

"Oh, how stimulating! How long have you lived there?"

"Only 80 years, but I'm getting to know the neighbors lately."

"Don't you think it charming?" Calm and poised with fixed smile, all the while the eye is roving around the room.

You continue, "Yes, indeed. My neighbors say that I'm eccentric, but I don't mind. Do you agree?"

"Really; of course! How perfectly adorable! How long have you been there?"

"Just 90 years, but it's beginning to grow on me."

The listener nods and murmurs. "Do you have a girl friend?"

"Yes, her name's John. She's a great guy at a party."

"The dear—"

"Yes; I tell her that she has an advantage living where she does."

"Where did you say she lived?"

"In a lighthouse on Cape Cod Bay. You see, being there, she gets great drafts from the sea breeze."

"Oh, you're so clever!"

"No; I'm a student."

Now she is really attentive. "How perfectly devastating! What—do you study?"

"Why, occasionally, but I'm so afraid that I might learn something."

"Oh, how could you do that?"

"I admit that it wouldn't be easy but everyone doesn't feel that way, unfortunately. My professors, for example,—"

"Oh, then you're not married."

"Dear me, no; a student is wedded to his studies and I mustn't commit bigamy."

"How quaint. So, you're a bachelor." Again her eye is roving.

"Yes, but I have my monkey for a chaperone and we'd be delighted to have you to tea with us some Sunday afternoon from eight until two."

"Perfectly delighted!" She now catches the eye of a late-arriver and you say:

"Hope you don't mind a little scholarly unconventionality. We always have sulphuric acid at our teas served with sugar and lemon, the Oxford fashion, you know."

"How Bohemian; I think it's much better than cream. I adore originality myself."

"You're delighted to have made my acquaintance, I'm sure."

"So good of you to say so."

Shaking your head in bewilderment, you bid a pleasant good evening to your hostess and leave, muttering to yourself, "There are characters and there are characters . . ."

E. C.

BOOK REVIEW

The Ugly American

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER
and EUGENE BURDICK

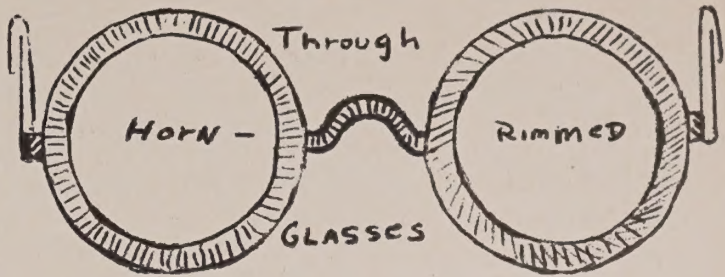
The Ugly American recently has held second place in the fiction class of the Time magazine Best Seller list and no doubt will place first in weeks to come. This book truly deserves every honor and excellent recommendation it has received and will continue to receive.

The Ugly American treats the beginnings of Communism in Southeast Asia with care and knowledge. It also deals with the very poor prestige of United States in that region and the unwillingness of the Americans to realize that they cannot buy their way into the hearts of foreigners with extravagant foreign aid programs.

The authors of **The Ugly American** are extremely effective in their purpose to stimulate thought and even action on the part of the reader. Even though this book is classified as fiction, it is based on fact. The characters are imaginary only in name for they are fashioned after the lives of real people. The incidents and tragic events described have actually taken place and for this reason it is important that every American citizen should make this book a must. If such things as this book describes continue to happen the U.S. will soon find itself in a sad state of affairs and even disaster.

Through certain characters **The Ugly American** points out that personal wealth, prestige, and power are the make-up of too many of our ambassadors and foreign diplomats. In the line of language a great deal has to be accomplished. Where the Communists put themselves out to learn the language, history, customs, beliefs, and humor of the people in the region in which they are working, the majority of foreign American workers know only their own language and even require the natives to abandon their own native tongue in order to learn English. Because of this the Americans necessarily have to call upon interpreters (many of whom are Communists) for their most secret work. This is not only insulting to the natives (the last thing a Communist would do would be to insult the very people he wants on his side), but a blockage of information is also suffered by the United States. What success can we hope to achieve if we have Communists employed as negotiators between the United States and foreign countries? Why should we trust the Communists with important secrets? The late John Foster Dulles stated, "Interpreters are no substitutes. It is not possible to understand what is in the minds of other people without understanding their language, and without understanding their language it is impossible to be sure that they understand what is on our minds." Certainly the Red world is far better at public relations than is the free world.

The Communists are more devoted and sincere workers than are Americans. The United States is getting only half-hearted workers and allowing those looking for a challenge to get by. The advertisements and recruiting pamphlets for foreign service workers put the emphasis on high salaries, living conditions, social life and opportunity for travel. This type of thing attracts only mediocrities.



"The Walls Have Ears and the Windows Have Eyes." As the song suggests, this is closer to the truth than you might imagine. To prove it, I offer a sample of some choice candid mumblings which were overheard by this reporter during the year.

A very excited Sophomore girl asked her Senior companion this question as she was leaving school one afternoon:

"Let me borrow your I. Q. for this evening—I mean I. D."

This saying arouses great interest among the Junior Set:

"There will be a meeting at Walden Pond Friday afternoon."

This one always breaks everyone up in the classroom:

"Mr. Sawin, please call the office."

This question was overheard in the girls locker room:

"Is this pattern hard to follow?"

A vacant stare is produced when someone asks a Junior Secondary this bombshell of a question:

"What is learning?"

Any Monday morning this question can be often overheard:

"How was your observation?"

In the smoker, this question gets asked periodically:

"With exams starting in a

couple of weeks, how can you play cards?"

One person was heard to blurt out this phrase after a recent banquet which he had attended:

"Kookie, Kookie, lend me your barf bag."

Someone was heard quoting Mr. Pope after he had been told that he had displayed his more undesirable talents at a party:

"Remember, 'Man was born, half to rise, and half to fall.'"

While throughout the corridor I am constantly overhearing the following statements:

"How nice you erase."

"How many pages is your unit?"

"Let's have a field trip to Carl-ing's."

"Were you up all night again?"

"Let's lust!"

"Don't you know where Walden Pond is?"

"Let's suit up."

"I'm all for going over to the girls' gym class."

"Now that's what I call motivation!"

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(Continued from Page 1)

ducted by Robert Dunne, class president, after which he delivered a speech of welcome to all. Following Mr. Dunne's speech, President Sullivan spoke briefly to all. The Cap Investiture Ceremony was conducted by the senior class advisor, Dr. John E. Sullivan. While the assembly looked on, each senior dutifully came forward as he was introduced by the class president to have his cap placed on his head by Dr. Sullivan. The program was aptly culminated by the singing of the "College Hymn" after which invited guests proceeded to the Student Lounge for the Senior Tea. The tables, arrayed with sparkling silver, delicate china, and tempting pastries, invited guests to wander in for refreshments. Gracious hostesses and pourers, chosen from each class, welcomed and served a considerable number of guests. The sunshine-filled day helped to make the affair a success.

Now, officially seniors, recalling your days at W.S.T.C., can you help but feel a trifle sad at your rapidly approaching departure from the "halls of ivy"? After four years of struggling for survival, you will soon be leaving, searching for new frontiers. Perhaps it seems incredible that four years could have passed so quickly. On a September morning in

1955 you were initiated into W.S.T.C. Since then your surroundings have changed considerably and your feelings are far deeper for you have become part of a tradition—one of scholarship, mutual cooperation between faculty and students, and a feeling of warm friendliness. You have worked hard here but the experience has been rewarding. We hope that you shall remember the friendly companionship of those days and shall join the alumni who revisit the school attesting that the roots of this tradition are deep ones.

We know that you feel a debt of gratitude to your friends, who have made your days here happy ones, to your professors, who have taught you to admire high standards and worthy ideals, and to your parents, who have shared your joys and pains, always guiding you with their love.

You've enjoyed many joyous times, a few said ones, some oppressive ones and survived the "storm." Memories cannot be changed and must not be forgotten. You're almost over the last hurdle and soon commencement will come bringing with it the memories of Class Day, the frivolity of the Senior Dinner Dance and the solemnity of graduation.

We all want to wish you, seniors, the very best of everything that life has to offer. May God bless you all.

E. C.

Those are only a few of the examples given in **The Ugly American** describing the losing battle we are fighting against the Communists. Lederman and Burdick not only criticize but offer fool-proof suggestions for improvement and new methods that would enable us to win the battle we are now on our way to lose.

Because today's college student is tomorrow's leading citizen it is important that students pick this book up to read in order to make

themselves more aware of the world situation and the things that have to be done to improve it.

The Washington Sunday Star says, "Seldom has deadly warning been more entertaining or convincingly given." It is true; this book is a warning and might cause the reader to be angry because of the tactless dealings of the U.S. with foreigners but anger will spur action on where indifference will not.

SALZY MURPHY.

The Kernel Says

The "Kernel Says:" is a sports column that was instituted last year. The main purpose of the column is to report to you on all the athletic events at Worcester State Teachers College, and also we try to bring you some of the most important professional and college sporting news.

This column in reporting on the sporting events at W.S.T.C. tries to introduce or spark a bit of enthusiasm or interest into you, the student body of the college, in the teams that represent you, State Teachers College at Worcester. These are your teams, your classmates, your friends, so let's support them.

I can see by the circle on the calendar that that time is here again. Ah, Spring, and the sound of the baseball bats cracking in the distance while boy and girl are out in the fields listening to the birds and watching the bees.

So it's time to get out my crystal ball again and pick the winners in the major leagues.

American League

New York

Detroit

Boston

Cleveland

Chicago

Baltimore

Kansas City

Washington

National League

San Francisco

Milwaukee

Pittsburgh

Cincinnati

Los Angeles

St. Louis

Chicago

Philadelphia

In the A. L., New York!!!! What else can you say? Detroit is the world champs' only serious threat. The acquisition of Narleski and Mossi has really strengthened an otherwise weak pitching staff. Look for Lou Berberet to help.

Boston has tremendous hitting—providing they are all in the line-up at the same time—but what about the pitching? Look for Buddin to finally develop into the ballplayer that he can be.

Cleveland hasn't been helped too much by the addition of Billy Martin (my apologies to MEK, the Great One). He seems to have lost his "spark" since he left the Yanks. Piersall still only hit .237 last year; at best this year he could hit .250. Look for Score and Colavito to carry this team.

Age is finally catching up with Chicago's baseballers. They still have the best pitching in the league if the "old men" still have the stamina. (Wynn, Donovan, Moore). They have one power man in Sherm Lollar but other than that everyone is a singles hitter. They still have one of the better defenses in the league.

Baltimore is lucky they have Paul Richards as manager to put a bunch of castoffs together and form a presentable team. However, Yankee castoff Gus Triandos has been called the best catcher in baseball today.

Kansas City has good power in Bob Cerv and a good all-round ballplayer in Hec Lopez. They'll give Baltimore a good run for sixth place.

Washington, First in the hearts of his countrymen and last in the American League!!!

In the N. L. we start off with San Francisco and Mays, Cepeda, Alou, Brandt — WOW. The ac-

quisition of Sam Jones has given a second-rate pitching staff a tremendous shot in the arm.

There is no doubt that Milwaukee will sorely miss Red Schoendienst. Aaron, Bruton, and Covington comprise a brilliant outfield and Matthews is still a good third baseman despite last year's World Series. The pitching staff is the second best in baseball.

Pittsburgh has probably the best pitching staff in all baseball. They could very easily win the pennant if they jell early instead of waiting until mid-summer as they did last year.

Cincinnati strengthened themselves offensively with the addition of Frank Thomas. He will play first and the middle combine of Macmillan and Temple are the best in baseball. The pitching is still weak.

Los Angeles, if Snider, Hodges, Gilliam, Drysdale, Erskine, a good hitting catcher—need I say more?

St. Louis still has Stan Musial and Ken Boyer but beyond that, a group of second-rate ballplayers. Don't sell Solly Hemus short — he'll make this team hustle.

Chicago has Ernie Banks and who else?

Philadelphia is trying a "Whiz Kid" experiment once again by integrating Roberts, Hamner and Simmons with a bunch of youngsters who are still a year or two away.

More predictions include:

1. Harvey Kuenn and Willy Mays will be the batting champs.

2. Mickey Mantle will hit 59 homers; Ernie Banks will hit 54.

3. Mantle will be the MVP in the AL and Mays in the NL.

4. Cy Young award will again go to Bob Turley.

5. Many of you readers do not agree.

A Retarded Child, Reading

Eye admits a sense of ink, black image on the paper pallor, meaning's catalyst; carves it entrance curling to the rippled intellect.

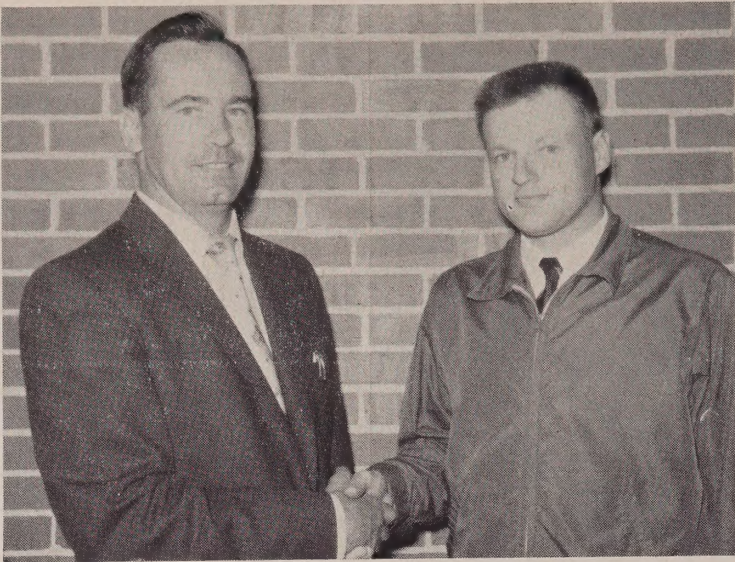
Finger traces cabalistic scatching, drawing it into a nervous ecstasy of slender bone, dissolving in a silent skull.

My hand, a passion borne against this dullness,

taut upon the formless strata of this birth.

I weep, tears an acid on this bitter stillborn stone, Mountains rise before my muscled striving, warping up a ridge of sharp finality.

Remember me within your resurrection, darkness born again within the sunlit cloud of knowing, final clarity against the sudden godless sky.



Mr. John Mockler welcomes his new assistant, Francis T. Dyson to W.S.T.C.

DYSON NAMED NEW BASKETBALL COACH

Francis T. Dyson has been named basketball coach and assistant athletic director at Worcester State Teachers, succeeding John Eager who resigned to devote his full time to teaching. Mr. Dyson comes to us from Falconer, N. Y., High School, a suburb of Buffalo, where he coached basketball and baseball for the past three years.

Worcesterites are familiar with him for he was an all sports star at South High where he was graduated in 1947, at Worcester Academy, and at Holy Cross where he was graduated in 1953. Dyson was a member of the Holy Cross baseball team that won the NCAA championship.

The appointment of Dyson was rather sudden. He applied for the

position around Christmas time and was named a couple of months later.

He is looking forward to the opening of the basketball season and things should go well as many veterans will be returning and a good freshman crop is expected.

Welcome and best wishes Francis T. Dyson.

J. E. L.

LANCERS WIN FIRST FOUR

The STC Lancers led by the hitting of Terry O'Hara, Ron Ethier, Billy Leach, and Billy Coonan and the pitching of Ron Elkind and Billy Cronan have won five of their six games including the first four in a row.

In the season's opener against Boston an eight run ninth inning cemented the victory for Ron Elkind 8-2.

The Lancers journeyed to Johnson Vermont for their next game and behind the steady pitching of Norm Foisy were victorious 8-2.

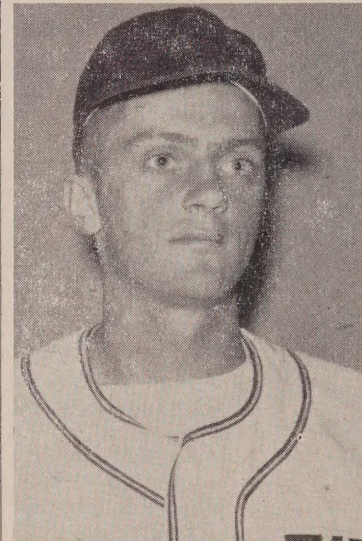
Billy Cronan made his initial start on the mound for the Lancers against Fitchburg and behind the hitting of Terry O'Hara was the victor 9-3. Elkind was injured in this game while making a tag play at first base.

Cross-town rival Assumption was next on the schedule and this was the day that everyone had his hitting shoes on as the Lancers romped 16-6. Foisy was the winning pitcher.

Lowell, defending champion handed the Lancers their first defeat of the year 14-4. The lone bright spot of the game was the homer by Billy Coonan. Errors led to the downfall as Ron Elkind probably made his last appearance on the mound for the season. His wrist was heavily taped and it visibly hurt him when he tried to grip a bat.

Worcester rebounded behind the steady shutout pitching of Cronan to defeat Fitchburg 10-0. Dick Denechaud hit a tremendous homer for the Lancers.

Terry O'Hara leads the club in runs batted in with 8. Billy Coonan has the highest average with .421. Elkind was hitting .461 before he was hurt.



Lancers' leading hitter, Terry O'Hara.

The averages:	
Ralph Fusaro	.172
Terry O'Hara	.276
Bill Coonan	.421
Bill Leach	.261
Ron Ethier	.300
Dick Denechaud	.174
Mike King	.235
Gord Hargrove	.250
Ron Elkind	.461
Norm Foisy	.250
Bill Cronan	.250
Mitch Philip	1.000
Frank D'Elia	.000

J. E. L.

JUNIOR SECS END BOWLING

The Jr., Secondaries ended their bowling league last semester after enjoying a successful season.

Bob Keeler's Bards copped first place in the six-team league with a pinfall of 7619. The Super-Egos led by Dick Brierly defeated the Gazelles by 22 pins for second place. The Super's pinfall was 7586; Jack Lynch's Gazelles had 7564. Following were the Boppers with 7338, the Aces with 7206, and the Mavericks with 7077. (I guess brother Bart didn't bowl.)

A season's high single was turned in by Bobby Keeler with a 130. He also had the high triple with a pinfall of 345. His overall average of 92.6 was good enough to lead the league. Dick Brierly was second with an average of 89.3, while Jack Lynch was third with 88.6 followed by Paul Mullen of the Boppers with an average pinfall of 86.6. Rounding out the top ten were George Sousa of the Super-Egos, Maurice (Mushy) Letourneau of the Super-Egos, Carol Sinnott of the Bards, John Scott of the Boppers, John Grady of the Gazelles, and Dick Phelps of the Aces.

Continental Or Not

An article (Madagascar) in the last Acorn issue suggested a change in American courtship. This article suggested continentalism, but what is continentalism? The author, female, was against the handshake, slap-on-the-back (?) method of introduction used by U.S. males today. A kiss on the hand was thought more pleasing and debonair. She believed this was a more masculine tendency. Dogs lap hands. Do you male students want to be thought of as hand kissers?

What do they do on the continent? First of all, hand kissing is only practised in the movies, "Charles Boyer type." Secondly, American girls have it too soft as compared to the European young ladies. Why should a male, who has to support a wife the majority of his life, pay all the bills? Due to the increase in female population, the girl, as on the continent, should pay half the bill if it is a frequent date and all the bills if there is any hope of conquest.

Is a beard a sign of masculine man? This authored believed "whatever the color, a beard is the mark of a man, symbolic of the physical superiority of men." Is Fidel Castro superior to Winston Churchill or the late John Foster Dulles? That might be your opinion; as for myself, I believe a beard is a sign of laziness and an attempt at recognition. Any male, out of his teens, can grow a beard within four weeks.

She says grow a beard that fits your personality; however, does every personality have its own beard? I like coffee but I can't "go-tea." What beard fits your personality? You can be continental and fight the sameness; I'll stay the same.

JACK WESTCOTT